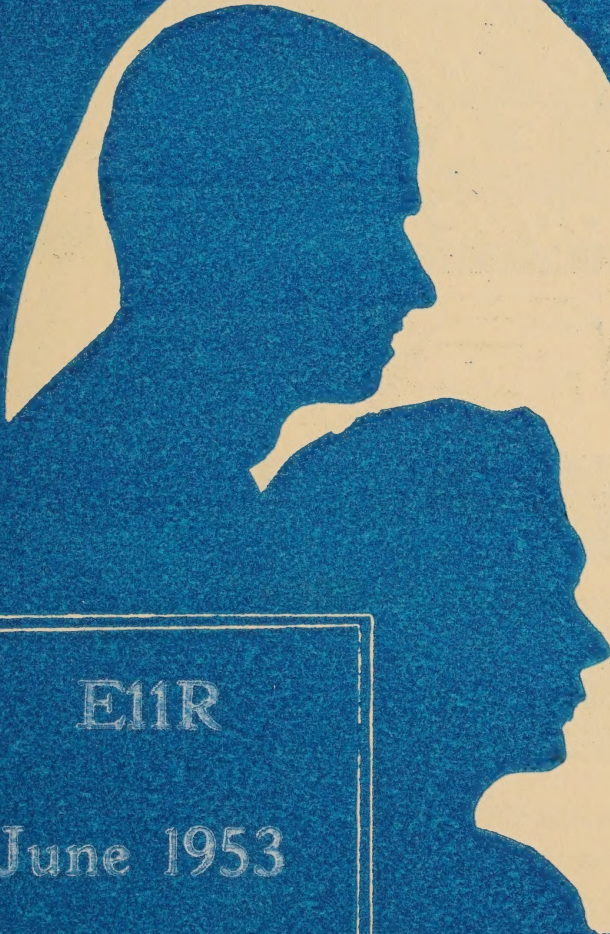


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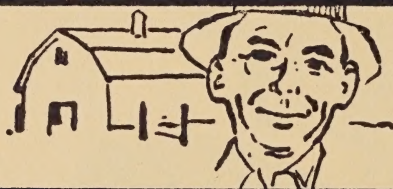
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Warden

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No articles of a scurrilous or defamatory nature or in any way detrimental to the administration of justice, will be published. Any views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the administration.

editorial

The Amnesty

On May 29., 30th., men have been discharged from this institution under the Amnesty Grant. In the proclamation of Amnesty, these men along with all other inmates of penitentiaries across Canada, received a thirty day reduction for every year of sentence. This was most welcome and all recipients are grateful for any reduction. However, this writer does not agree with the full terms of the grant as they are laid down. A clause inserted in the Proclamation states that any remission which may have been lost by an inmate since January 1st. 1949, will be again deducted from the Amnesty Grant. Your writer agrees that good conduct must be regarded as an important factor in determining reduction of sentence BUT if a man for some minor reason may have slipped once at the beginning of his sentence and forfeited say, ten days remission, but since then has had a clean sheet, it seems double jeopardy to hang another ten day punishment on him because of the Amnesty. Not only that, but according to the clause in the Amnesty, any remission which may be lost during the balance of his sentence, will also come under the double forfeiture clause. I for one, maintain that, you do not necessarily have to hold an axe over a man's head to insure good conduct. Especially since it is an axe, *over and above* the forfeiture of remission act, As I stated earlier, we are grateful for any time cut off our sentence and we appreciate the gesture. We hope it will be the means of starting some men on the right path a little sooner than they expected. But in a small way it kind of leaves a slightly bitter taste. It kind of leaves you grateful but puzzled. I believe that if something is worth having, it is worth reaching for, but let's leave the past alone and go on from there. Why punish a man twice for some petty mistake he may have made two or three years ago?

Mountain Echoes

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Liberal Or Prejudiced

by A. Seguin

In a letter to the Editor of a newspaper in Winnipeg, a citizen of Port Credit, Ontario, recently voiced his disapproval to the amnesty granted to prisoners in Canadian Penitentiaries.

While this gentleman is quite free to express his resentment in writing, it is amazing that he should choose to sign his letter "Footsore Liberal". A liberal person is an advocate of freedom and of progressive reform and the unadulterated prejudice reflected in the letter does not point toward liberalism. In fact, his sour criticism is more destructive than constructive since it is relatively prejudicial to the Prison Reforms recently instituted by the Department of Justice.

Had our sour friend read the official proclamation of the amnesty in the Canada Gazette, he would have noticed the absence of the word 'criminal' which he repeatedly uses in his article. For his information and edification, the meaning of 'criminal' is 'a person guilty of a crime', and the definition of 'crime' is an evil act, a sin'. If we accept these definitions,

we are faced with a world abounding with criminals who, at some time or other, have been guilty of a sin, an evil act, a misdemeanour or any other act against the divine or human law. Obviously this theory is not acceptable and, consequently, a conventional definition gradually replaced the strict definition of the word 'criminal'. Thus, only a certain class of 'sinners' are considered 'criminals' and this is presently behind the bars. It must be admitted, however, that the adoption of this conventional definition is only a matter of opinion and that it does not minimize the degree of evil which constitutes the actual commission of a sin, whether the guilty person is imprisoned or not. Incarceration, in itself, does not establish the degree of guilt nor does it render the prisoner more eligible to a berth in the family of so-called 'criminals'. Is it not true that a person becomes a sinner or a criminal only because he has failed? Perhaps men were born sinners but criminals are not, they are made. Crime is the resultant of a chain of circumstances; it is an incidence instead of a general rule.

This word "criminal" sounds just as harsh to us behind bars as it does to the ordinary "sinners" in the outside world.

Our sour friend seems interested to know if the soldier in Korea will receive thirty days off for each year of service, in order to be on equal footing with the men in penitentiaries. To compare the voluntary sacrifices of these boys to men sentenced to the penitentiary is extremely prejudicial to our troops in Korea. The valour of these men ought to be glorified and not compared to a sentence imposed by a court of justice. Perhaps the time is opportune to mention that a great number of prisoners, presently serving sentences, have served in the last war. This they have done voluntarily. In the Ottawa's Hall of Fame, we may see, inscribed in gold letters the names of ex-prisoners who valiantly laid down their lives on the battlefields of Europe so that others

may live. These "others" include our sour and prejudiced friend.

Whether or not our "Footsore Liberal" should be grateful for the amnesty granted to deserving prisoners is no concern of ours; we do not know and we do not care. The man is entitled to his own opinion and we grant him the right to think as he pleases. We are, however, very grateful for the amnesty and most thankful to our sympathizers.

In conclusion and in reply to his biblical quotation in respect to "the wages of sin", may we refer him to John 8:7, "He that is without sin among you, let him *first* cast a stone."

Thanks for being the first to cast a stone, Mr. Footsore Liberal. Perhaps if you would concentrate on eating more corn syrup for which the town of Port Credit is so famous, it would help to sweeten your mouth and also your prejudiced mind.



A hillbilly came to town carrying a jug of liquor in one hand and a shotgun in the other. He stopped a man in the street, saying- "Here, friend, take a drink outa my jug."

The man protested he didn't drink.

The hillbilly leveled his shotgun at the stranger and said-"Drink."

The stranger drank, then he shuddered, shook, shivered and coughed.

"Gad, that's awful stuff."

"Ain't it?" said the hillbilly. "Now hold the gun on me until I take a gulp."

DAY OF JUDGEMENT

It was the word of a dago immigrant against that of a
society dame---but Tino didn't fret.

by P. L. Cadelle *via Shadows*

Tino saw the judge entering the courtroom from his chamber and a cold anger rose inside him

He sat stiffly in his seat to the left of the spectators, his gray eyes narrowing at the sight of the stern, uncompromising look on the judge's face.

"They were right," Tino thought. "This judge is tough." The prisoners at the county jail had told him what to expect. "You're sunk, boy," they had said. "You're just a wop immigrant and this society dame is big potatoes. Maybe you didn't touch her, all right, but she says you did, so you're sunk. It's too bad, a guy that can sing like you---. Well, so long Tino. We'll be seeing you at the big house."

Yes, they'd told him. And he believed what they'd said about the society woman's influence. About perjured testimony and a hard-boiled judge who let money and prestige decide his cases.

But he knew they were wrong about his not having a chance. He wasn't worried about that. There were things he hadn't told them --- things he'd vainly tried to tell the arresting off-

icers. "Save it for the judge," the cops had quipped. So he'd saved it. With a cold, mounting fury he, waived preliminary hearing and waited out the months to trial in aloof silence and comparative solitude. The only times the prisoners had gotten intimate glimpses of him was when he'd sung to them. They'd marveled at his clear tenor voice, the depth of his passion and the soul-stirring beauty of his Italian arias --- though they had not understood.

Tino heard the bang of the gavel and stood up with the rest. The judge walked to the bench and then Tino was sitting again, his eyes contemptuous as he gazed past the curious, amused glances of the spectators to the State's witnesses on the far side of the courtroom.

The preliminaries were over quickly. The case of the State vs Faustino di Persio. The charge --- rape. First witness, Miss Jacqueline Powers, complainant. Miss Powers taking oath. Miss Powers in the witness chair. The jury in their box to the left of the bench, attentive, eyeing the beautiful redhead in the chair with her cool smile, her shapely legs, her

lithe body tempting and chaste in red and white wool jersey.

"Miss Jacqueline Powers, please tell the court what happened in your apartment at two o'clock on the afternoon of August 14."

"I was in my apartment when the Italian came with some things I'd ordered from the delicatessen." "The Italian --- you refer to the defendant, Faustino di Persio?" "Yes. He had been delivering for the delicatessen for several weeks. I'd seen him many times before but I never suspected that he'd do anything like that." She shuddered. "Like what, Miss Powers?" "Like he did. I opened the service-door and he set the grocery box down and grabbed me. He is very strong. I struggled but I could do nothing against his awful strength. He---" she covered her face with her hands ... he carried me into the living room and raped me. Oh--- it was awful. "Did you scream Miss Powers?" "Yes, I screamed and screamed. The superintendent heard me and came rushing in. He saw the Italian attacking me." "Thank you, that will be all, Miss Powers". The prosecutor turned and asked with raised eyebrows, "Cross examination?" Tino's court appointed lawyer drawled from his seat, "Waive it."

"Next witness, Clint Howell." "Mr. Howell, what is your occupation?" "Superintendent at the Wydemer Apartments. I've been there twelve years." "Did you see the defendant or Miss Powers on the afternoon of August 14th?" "Yes. I saw

both of them." "Describe the circumstances." "About two o'clock I heard screams coming from Miss Powers' apartment. I ran in and saw Faustino di Persio and Miss Powers struggling on the sofa. The Italian was raping her. When he saw me he jumped up and ran. I tried to stop him but he got past me and ran down the stairs." "Thank you, that will be all, Mr. Howell. Cross examination."

Tino's lawyer half rose, sighed and sank down again. "Waive it," he drawled.

"Next witness--Carl Stropp." "Mr. Stropp, what is your occupation?" "I operate a delicatessen in Hyde Park," "Was the defendant, Faustino di Persio, in your employ?" "Yes." "Did he make a delivery to Miss Powers' apartment on the afternoon of August 14th?" "Yes, he left the store at one-thirty and returned about an hour later. He was excited --- he told me all about it." "About what?" "About attacking Miss Powers. He said he'd raped her." "Thank you, Mr. Stropp. Cross examination?"

"Waive it," came the drawl.

"Next witness---"

"Just a minute," interrupted the judge. "I see no point in parading a long string of State's witnesses before the bench. Get the defendant up here."

Tino saw the court attendant approaching and stood up, a handsome, powerful-looking young man with a quiet manner and an air of refinement. He was acutely aware of the eyes
..... (con't, on page 20)

*If you wish to reach the
highest,
begin at the lowest.*

Our Loss

Society's Gain

by S. C. Smith

On April 21st, 1953, a man was discharged from this institution. When I use the term, 'man', I do so in all sincerity and with emphasis on his ability rather than on his sex. You'll see why as you read on.

This man had served very close to ten solid years of time. He was arrested in 1943 and after due course, was sentenced to fourteen years in the penitentiary. When he left here he was 32 years of age. There you have the beginning. At 22 he began to look ahead to 14 years in a cell . . . fourteen hundred years if you like, it all looked the same to him then. He was a boy, he'd broken the law: he'd have to pay the price. He didn't like it, but who does? Conditions in our institutions were not as pleasant when he began to serve his time, as they may seem now. He watched as those conditions changed for the better and after I've listed his accomplishments whilst he served his time, you'll see how he changed with those conditions.

He proved something which a good many of us in here don't like to admit but is so true. "It takes a little bit of self-effort if we ever hope to get out of the rut."

This man buckled down and began to study. He dived into psychology and mathematics; he went to work in the Blacksmith shop and proved himself to be an above average machinist. Not content with this, he got himself transferred to the Electrician dept. From the ground up, he worked and studied the theory of electricity. He aimed at one goal: his Journeyman's Electrician Licence. It wasn't easy, it never is, even under normal conditions outside. This fellow was stubborn, maybe I should use the term, determined, it fits his personality much better. He never once lost sight of his goal. Early in the spring of 1953, he was rewarded. He sat for and passed the examination for a Journeyman's Electrician Licence. It reads easy, doesn't? Does

anyone reading this, realize just how many long, weary hours spent in a cell leaning over textbooks are wrapped up in a ten year "bit"? Does any one realize how easy it would be to drop everything and go into a shell, fog though his sentence, then go out, pick up another gun and go on from there?

What you have been reading was not the only effort this man made. In his spare time he organized and brought into being, this magazine you are now reading. He brought it into being; nursed it along; encouraged his staff writers; moulded his policy of trying to present the best, "by and for the inmates." In the meantime, he worked continuously at his hobby, radio. Can you doubt but that his days were full?

This man was paroled on April 21, 1953. Here's one for the book. On the day before this man was to be released on parole, word came through of the Amnesty, granting each man a thirty-day reduction for every year of his sentence. If this man had not been paroled, he had approximately fourteen months to serve, which means that with his Amnesty grant, his full time would have been completed in July or August of this year. Ironical, isn't it? However, he has gone on par-

ole. He can probably be classed as a hundred per-cent risk.

I knew Bill, the subject of this story, very well. As a member of his staff on the Echo, I was guided and encouraged by him, time and again. I admired his tenacity of purpose, no doubt, subconsciously wishing that I could do the same. My purpose in this article is not to particularly glorify any individual effort put forth by anyone of us, but merely to point out to many "doubting Thomases", that there are men in these places who are trying. Bill proved beyond any doubt that he deserved a place in society. The Parole Board recognized that fact. Let's hope they don't stop there. There are other men in here who are also proving their ability to mingle with society. I sincerely trust that the Parole Board will not over-look their efforts.

Now to Bill, ex-inmate, ex-editor... from the Echo staff and from everyone who knew him, a great big wish for happiness, success and good health. I'd just like to make this statement to you, Bill. "In 1943 you headed in the right direction, you have travelled a long way. Don't alter your course. The example you've set will always be remembered and followed, we hope. Good Luck, Bill."

FRESH EGG --- A stepping stone in every girl's life.

THEY KNOW...

In Canada, the Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service has set up an organization that is in operation in all parts of Canada except Newfoundland and a few sections of Ontario and Quebec. This organization consists of seven depots and six sub-depots which are equipped to receive

blood donations. They also have specially equipped Mobile Units working from a central depot, that are capable of setting up clinics in communities away from the main centre.

Each person when he donates only contributes approximately 13 oz. or





$\frac{3}{4}$ of a pint, which is $\frac{1}{20}$ th. of the average body content. The normal human adult of average has approximately 12 to 13 pints of blood in his body and will replace the fluid loss within 48 hours.

Last month the Red Cross Mobile Unit made another visit to this institution. And as on other occasions, the men stepped up to give and give generously. Though we are too familiar with the technical data which disintegrates the blood to plasma and to it's component part, it is sufficient that the men donate because of the objective of the Red Cross. This objective is to provide adequate supplies of whole blood, plasma and transfusion equipment FREE OF CHARGE to all Canadian hospitals on the understanding that this advantage will be passed on to the patients.

In Canada, not only do the people

'outside' donate, but also the men 'inside'... inside the walls of the penitentiaries. And throughout Canada each institution show a high response to the average twice-yearly visits made by the Red Cross. Some penitentiaries show percentages of 75 to 90 percent of all inmates donate. Others, though not quite so astronomical, show that at least 55 percent donate.

Every inmate donor gives his pint of blood to the Red Cross for exactly the same reasons that the people outside do. There's no promises of good behaviour off for a donation; no promises of a parole. They know that blood is one of the best and most beneficial medicines in existence and that it's only source is the human body. They know that the giving of blood is of vital necessity and that it can mean either life or death for someone. They know that the blood they don-

Con't. on page 18.

TILL THEN....

ROUND the MOUNTAIN

by S. Severson

Some weeks ago a well known and highly respected member of Parliament publicly stated that Canadian penal policy appears to be directed more toward appeasement than rehabilitation. The honourable member went on to say that this will be the case until prisoners are given moral post-release assistance than at present

Since this inauguration of the so-called new deal in penology some five or six years ago, reams have been written about it. The over-optimistic writers are rabid in their praise while the pessimists take somewhat of an opposite view. Somewhere between the two view-points lies the truth, but what is overlooked by almost every writer is the fact that regardless of how good or bad the prison systems may be incarceration does not rehabilitate the offender.

A progressive penal set-up comprises more than a group of persons wherein men are treated with a semblance of humaneness. It includes, or should, a parole system free from political influence affecting every 'con'

regardless of previous convictions. It should also include some method of leveling the disparities frequently found in sentences. These two vital parts -- possibly the most vital -- are missing from our penal system; and as long as they are we can expect a continuance of the present high recidivism rate.

Take the case of sentence disparities. Under the Criminal Code, the presiding judge is allowed far too much leeway in the matter of sentence. He may, for example, impose a suspended sentence upon conviction for a second offence of house breaking or, he may sentence the second offender to life imprisonment. Such a variant is possible in almost every conviction, and thereby prone to err; injustice is often served. Two men with similar backgrounds and previous record may receive terms differing in length five or ten years for identical offences. Not only may this happen, it quite often does. The man sentenced to the longer term is quite liable to become embittered; so much so

that his debut in a free society may be made with a gun in his hand. While the shorter term might conceive an equally contemptuous conception of law and justice. In the latter category might be placed the stool pidgeon who fawns upon police officials and gives information and often testimony in a usually successful attempt to gain favor. Such a ones' chance of reform is small indeed.

The question of non-political parole under sponsorship of trained social workers instead of the present police supervision need not be discussed here. Any person of average intelligence can visualize the benefits of releasing a man under such sponsor-

ship, compelling him to work and by so doing help to form a healthy work habit pattern. In fact, the more potentially dangerous the criminal, the more crying is the need for supervised release,

Possibly disparity of sentence and parole are high on the agenda of proposed penal changes. It would be a disaster were they not, because without them, there will never be an effective New Deal in Canadian Penology. Until such time as these two vital matters receive attention, broadsides such as those fired by the M.P. referred to in the beginning of this article will find a large and receptive target in our penal system.



AN EYE FOR AN EYE

I noticed, in the Letters To The Editor column of a local paper, a violent diatribe against the abolishment of capital punishment. Seems this character believes strongly in the age old adage of 'an eye for an eye' and would have the death penalty left as is. Well, a commission will soon be set up to study the problem and the opinions of a writer of letters to The newspapers will count little. But I'd like to know if the writer of that

letter reads Argosy Magazine. If he does, probably he's read of the 'Court of Last Resort' and the countless men who have been freed by its investigations after being proven innocent of the crimes for which they were convicted --- murder. Wonder how many innocent men have been executed in U. S. A., in states where the penalty for murder is death? Wonder how many likewise in Canada?

BO

MOU

Stony Mountain's first Inmate boxing card was successfully staged on Monday, May 18th, 1953. Before mentioning the bouts, we feel that an explanation as to why the card was so successful must be given. For the past few months, several men have worked long and hard towards keeping various inmates interested in the fight game. One man in particular, deserves honourable mention for his efforts. Steve Bolonchuk, who followed the fight trail on the outside as a participant and fan, has probably done the most towards promoting boxing in this institution. He has continually encouraged the younger men and has tried to teach them the finer points of the game. Along with Steve, we have fellows like: Stan Benninger, Alex Wilson, Hank Ceretti and Jack Ross. It was the combined efforts of these fellows that made our first card such a success,

For many months, the men interested in boxing, worked with practically nothing, so to speak. Then, kind friends in Winnipeg like; The Crescent Boxing Club, Madison Boxing Club, Frank Townsend, Mr. Alec Irvin and the good fathers of St. Paul's College came to our assistance. Equipment arrived and the boys began to train. Official sanction was received from Ottawa and the show was on. One cannot possibly describe the amount of effort which was put into the card by inmates and friends in Winnipeg, however, we certainly can say a great big THANK YOU.

Now for the bouts and the fighters. Steve Bolonchuk and Stan Benninger were the trainers who handled the fighters.

No. 1. Ray Lee...135 lbs. vs Al Blackie Papp...145lbs.

These two boys, beginners, put on a pleasing display with Papp seeming the more aggressive. The crowd seemed to like the action and agreed with the decision which went to Al Papp.

No. 2. Red Saunders...155 lbs. vs Kid Brown...165 lbs.

This one was over in short order. Both fighters came out of their corners, met at the center of the ring; Kid Brown shot out a straight left. Saunders landed in a horizontal position and was counted out at 21 seconds of the first round.



NG

TAIN

No. 3. Kid Kahoot 170 lbs. vs Barrel Papoose 175 lbs.

Papoose won a unanimous decision on this one although Kahoot mixed things with him to everyone's satisfaction. This writer thought the first round was even with the last two going to Papoose.

No. 4. Blackie Houde 158 lbs vs Kenny Bevins 160 lbs.

Action was the word for this one. Both men exchanged punches from the bell. The first round seemed fairly even. In the second, Bevins had Houde set for the business but let him get away. In the third, Houde tore into Bevins and had him reeling as the fight was stopped at 1:45 of the third round. Winner by T.K.O., Houde.

No. 5. Buddy Toomey 148 lbs vs Marcel Cote 150 lbs.

This bout was a crowd pleaser from start to finish. What the two boys lacked in knowledge, they made up for in spirit. Not too much actual damage was done but a lot of punches were thrown, Toomey got the nod on his staying power.

No. 6. (Exhibition) Larry Shirley vs Steve Bolonchuk.

The fans enjoyed this fight. It was nice to watch two boys who have some knowledge of the game and were demonstrating their ability for the benefit of the crowd.

No. 7. Big Chief Benning vs Don Tuffy Dodds Hwt.

Anticipation had been built up for this bout. Both Boys had their followers who were pulling for knock-outs. From the bell the action was fast. Dodds seemed to want to force the pace but ran into a flurry of bombs which landed on his chin and he was counted out at 35 seconds of the first round.

No. 8. Bill Dika 142 lbs. vs Gabby Stepheniuk 158 lbs.

Stepheniuk, who formerly was welterweight champion of K.P. did not look too much like a champ in this one. Old Father Time Dika darted around him and came home with a rather easy victory.

No. 9. Larry Sherbuck 154 lbs vs Ron Brothers 164 lbs.

Experience paid off here. Brothers had to use all his knowledge to win over a very aggressive Sherbuck. It was a pleaser with both boys going all out. Steve Trojack,
(con't. on page 18.)

F a r e w e l l to A R M S

This is not an epistle. St. Paul wrote that, and you'll probably receive your copy soon. No, this is a soliloquy. A soliloquy of a guy that's bidding adieu to Crime and Punishment and hoping you will too.

For in the Spring, a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love, while an old con's naustalgic schemes turn to screams of disillusionment and the Keeper of the Keys cries out; "Time, time; it's Time."

And Time is a funny thing --- if you please. It's like a song and dance. There's a rhythm to it. There's a syncopation and a melody too. And then --- there's you.

Time, shall we dance? ---Oh, what big eyes you have. And what a beautiful form for a wonderful struggle. Maestro! Strike up the music. Let's dance. On the floor we'll waltz and fox-trot. But in the air, we will swing.

Swing? Might as well. Do you mind? Might as well swing as gaze at these cruel bars or attempt to scale those unscalable walls ... Walls

---bars; nothing but bars. Get a hammer and hit me over the head. No brains there. No, nothing but bars... Swing! Let's hear the Highland Fling. Ah, sing --- sing, you sinner, sing!

Where was I when you went to Sunday School? When you played in the sand-lots or studied the three R's as a Rule? You knew the fragrance of flowers while I tread on thorn..... You heard the birds, and saw the sun in the early morn; while I was a shadow in the darkness, a student of burglar tools. Sure thing--- Time's a funny thing. Try to beat it---There's, no such thing.

Naturally, you had parents. I had two. That's a biological necessity or where would Einstein be? And he's the guy that started this thing. Anyway, you played basketball --- you sissy, you! Why di'n't ya come along with me? And when you were being reprimanded the judge was saying 'remanded' to me. Ha --- what did he know about time? He dished it out (beans twice a week), while you were eating chicken a la king.

Then you sang in the Church choir or listened to--- Now, wait a minute. Did you? Really? Ah, come on; there's not that much innocence in you, or so much iniquity in me. And though East is East good and bad sometimes meet. But time, who wins out? The Bitter or the Sweet?

Let us reminisce. Let us think.

There was mother and her fairy tales. There was brother and an angel of a sister strumming a tune. Oh, Dem Golden Slippers--. Bha-a-a! let's take another score. Uncle, cousin Helen, a friend or two; Three Bad Men, a gun and a heap; a lot of nonsense and little sleep; lots of friends, easy dough; the prairies--- the Mounties? Let's blow! Bread and water and Bottoms Up! Ouch! --- that's the hit parade. An old phonograph record and a photograph, rogues' gallery style.

Headlights, headlines, and a lot of freight trains high-balling in the night Flop house, classy hotel; strutting down the Avenue wearing tux and fancy tie.--gotta look good going to Hell. A little politics and finance; Olish, Sour and Ted, Johnny and jimmies; lots of people, lots of guns, hearts and flowers walking on High! babe; hot times, new climes: Gee they give me the gimmies.

More dames but no moll; more guts another fall. Deportation, incarceration --- Your Honor, I object! Jungles, paddles, but no pardons do I find. Ouch! a night stick of the short and bruising kind. A lot of dogs but butt-- Pick 'em up! One good horse grazing other pastures now; talking to St.

Peter like I'm talking to you --- and how!

An old tune; an old book. A little laughter; a lot of tears. Some gladness. but mostly fears. A little freedom for a lot of time. So many heartaches for Auld Lang Syne. Another chance for a fool who fooled a host of strangers and enemies that suddenly cooled. Reformation? --- Objection over-ruled.

This above all, I call the Sweet.

For on the Bitter side, there was

But me; And now, Friend, retreat.

Yes, Canadians and Canadians, this is my hour of glory---come what may! comme ci, comme ca. All the bitterness and hatred has disappeared. So help me, it's the reincarnation of a louse---if you please. But new horizons beckon and I must answer the call.

Do-re-me-fa-so, as I look back --- not with the feeling of malice or revenge but with a kindly, forgiving heart, and I assume, presume and re-assume, you feel the same way --- I want to thank all those who ever came in contact with me: for it was their association which, directly or indirectly, straightened me out. (Allah! the complexity of sentence is a perplexity to me!)

The copper who pinched me and the judge who gave me a good time; the screws who watched (over) me and the guys whose friendships I always declined: to these I add Myself and my Friends.

Yes, I want to remember. Why
(con't on page 18)

Farewell To Arms. (con't.)

should I forget? And when things get tough, there's always the penitentiary Giants. They'll need a water-boy to quench their thirst whilst on the Victory trail. I want to remember, I don't want to forget the losing teams I coach and the guys that coached me. But most of all, I want to recall--- a Lost Day, that Field Day---- and little

Billy McKeown singing "Home On The Range,"

For, time is a funny Thing. Brother, don't do It--- it will beat you and make you a wearisome Thing.

Take a tip, and be snappy--

Live to Love and be Happy.

Laughingly Yours

Byron.

Boxing (con't.)

one of the many visitors in attendance, and who has the distinction of being a fighter who fought the great Jack Dempsey, was the third man in the ring.

A word of appreciation must be said of the forgotten men, namely Ceretti and Wilson who split the chores between them and did a first rate job. Billy Gilbert, Slim Beauchamp, McAvella and Roy Clarke who handled the judging chores expertly. Jack Ross, Promoter, Secretary and Timekeeper, must come in for mention for his tire-

less efforts in arranging the CARD. Another fellow, Jack Stevens, counting for the knockdowns, deserves praise for a job well done; Joe Johnson, dressing room attendant, who was too busy even to see a fight gets special mention here. And last but not least, our tried and true friend, Alec Turk, who is actually responsible in providing the wherewithal to start boxing in this institution, must once again be thanked for another one of his many gestures to the men of the Mountain.

They know (con't)

ate is in turn supplied to thousands of persons; to children; to soldiers in the battleground; to the sick and injured; to all those who are in need. They know that no one who is in need of blood will have the worry of trying to meet the \$25.00 fee per bottle of blood, for all blood, plasma and equipment necessary to conduct a transfusion is made FREE OF CHARGE. That is why the Red Cross visits each

penitentiary across Canada, that the men step up and donate. That is why the percentages within these institutions are so high. This is a credit to all the men in these institutions and though our contributions are small compared to the annual output of the Red Cross we at least have the knowledge and satisfaction that even though we are locked behind bars that we are helping someone, whoever and wherever he may be.

Things I'd Like To See

A certain Winnipeg Sports Editor carry on with his 'Pick the Loser' column. Also, that his baseball picks are as prophetic as his hockey choices. It's taken me years to discover a fool-proof system. "You pick 'em, Maurice and I'll bet against them."

Someone tell the 'Finger' that he's a little stinker.

Someone change Lou Lucki's mind about retiring. Cheer up, Lou, Rene might get a parole, you know.

That certain Cleveland fan down in K. P. get it through his fat head that the Yanks have so far proved their superiority and that a certain Yank fan here states that they will continue to do so during the season of 1953.

Someone on the Canadian Penal take this wager. I say our Giants win more softball games this season than any other Pen team. One year's subscription to our respective Penal magazines.

That little Angel I met in the Broadway.

Those of us who cry and moan,
Remember that we're not alone.
Other folks have troubles too,
All we lack is the will 'to do'.

Someone get that 'Doggie OUT OF The Window'.

The next session of Parliament . . . ?

Coach Pacey realize that giving his team members an extra slice of bread does not necessarily guarantee a Pen-nant.

The ball that 'Steve Bolonchuck heaved into the stratosphere after catching same during the Giant vs Army game,

An honest attempt by someone to organize an Ex-inmate's Anonymous 'on the outside' where release problems could be handled by successful ex-releases, without having to cry on the shoulder of John Public.

DAY of JUDGEMENT con't.

focused on his abnormally husky young body as he strode to the bench.

The judge spoke. "You are Faustino de Persio?" "Yes." "Is that your true name?" "Yes." "Where were you born." "Italy." "Are you a naturalized citizen." "Yes."

Tino's lawyer made an appearance at his side. "You've heard the testimony of these witnesses," the judge said. "Do you have any defence."

Tino gave him a long, penetrating glance. "Your eyes, Judge," he said quietly. "seem to be throwing sparks. Are you sore at me?"

The judge went rigid and leaned forward. "We are disposed to reveal the state of our emotions," he rasped. "Confine your remarks to the case in point." "That's what I'm doing, Judge," Tino said. "Everybody in this courtroom, including you, is being tried right along with me. If you're sore at---"

"Be silent!" the judge snapped. Tino stood quietly and his lawyer whispered to him earnestly. The judge swept the room with a glance. "I had no idea," he apologized, "that we had a mental case to deal with. Please ignore the defendant's last remark." He fixed Tino with a cold stare. "You are charged with rape," he grated. "You have pleaded innocent. Do you have anything to say that will prove your innocence."

Tino looked at Miss Powers. She gave him a cool smile. "I'm innocent," Tino said. "Miss Powers knows that. When I arrived at her apartment she asked me to have a drink. I refused and turned to go. Miss Powers stood

smiling at me. "Tino," she said, "you are a fast boy. You bring the groceries so quickly. You *are* a fast boy, aren't you, Tino?"

The courtroom tittered, "I told her that Mr. Stropp thought me a good delivery boy," Tino said. "And I tried to go past her. She slipped her arms around me and kissed me. I pried her loose and slapped her. She screamed. I went through the apartment and out the door. Miss Powers was still screaming. I saw no one. If Mr. Howel had entered the apartment I'd have seen him. When I got back to the store Mr. Stropp asked me what had happened. I told him. He told me to go home. I went home and then the police came. I tried to tell them how absurd Miss Powers' accusations were but they wouldn't listen." He shot an amused, half-contemptuous glance at Miss Powers. "I am studying for the opera," he said. "Women of culture, who can appreciate my voice, would interest me. But not a woman like Miss Powers. In Italy a judge would take one look at me, and laugh like mad. In Italy---"

"You are not in Italy," the judge said. "Do you have any relevant statements to make?" "Just one," "Just one. In Italy---" The judge rapped his gavel. He addressed Tino's lawyer. "Do you have anything to offer in defense of your client?" Tino's lawyer slowly shook his head, "Very well," the judge said. "The case will now go to the jury."

Tino and his lawyer strode to their seats. The jury stood up, waited for instructions that came in the form of

a long, significant glance from the judge, and filed out.

A few minutes later the judge was declaring a recess of court when the jury filed back in. The judge looked at the foreman. "Have you reached a verdict?" he asked. "We have your honor." "What is your verdict?" "We find the defendant guilty as charged." "Thank you. Faustino di Persio --- please step forward."

Tino strode to the bench. The judge licked his lips and said in clear, distinct tones, "You have been found guilty of the crime of rape. It is a most serious crime. When respectable citizens

are unsafe in their own homes it is time to make an example of criminals such as you. Do you have anything to say before sentence?"

Tino nodded. "Proceed," the judge said. "In Italy," Tino said, glancing first at the judge, then in turn at Miss Powers, Mr. Howel, Mr. Stropp and the jury "In Italy, it is a common practice for youths wishing to cultivate the highest tenor voice to become ---" Tino shrugged and smiled ever so gently --- "Well, Judge, since my early youth, I have been a eunuch."

the end

SENTENCE REDUCED

In the February issue of MOUNTAIN ECHOES, an article entitled "The Child Prisoner" describing the circumstances of two young boys, each 14 years of age, sentenced to the Penitentiary in Vancouver and Montreal, was published.

MOUNTAIN ECHOES has now been advised that a spirit-minded person, who was unaware of this miscarriage of Justice until informed through the pages of our Magazine, took the necessary steps to have the cases re-opened, both in Vancouver and Montreal. The result was a reduction of sentence from five years to two years for the Vancouver youth. The case of the Montreal youth has not been re-opened to date, and we sincerely hope that the same consideration be given his case as it was in the case of the Vancouver youth.

MOUNTAIN ECHOES is satisfied to have been instrumental in the revision of the Vancouver youth's sentence.

THOUGHTS

at the

CORONATION

by R. Belloff

In this modern day and age, the question often arises, if the institution of a Monarchy is not somewhat archaic. In the lifetimes of many of us, monarchies that seemed destined to endure forever have ignominiously disappeared and the countries formerly ruled over by kings and emperors have prospered as republics. The most powerful nation in the world today, the United States, never believed in kings and in their more than 150 years of existence have found the institution of a republic very much to their taste. Only 40 years ago, republics in Europe were practically unknown and only Switzerland had any history as a republic that had lasted for centuries.

Today, strange as it may seem, the idea of the Monarchy is far stronger in Great Britain than it has been for two centuries. The long reign of Queen Victoria, when Great Britain became an industrial power and one of the largest exporting nations was follow-

ed by the prosperous years of King Edward VII. He firmly established the idea of a modern monarchy where people through their elected representatives ruled, while their king reigned. In other words, the constitutional changes which took place in the years from the accession of Victoria in 1837 to the death of Edward VII in 1910 had proven to the people of the British Isles that it was well worth their while to have the stability of a Monarchy, where their king or queen were the symbols of national unity. While Edward VII was the typical representative of those gay days when wars were only fought far away in Africa, his successor, George V, became the symbol of unity in the dark eyes of the first world war. At the close of it the Monarchical idea in Great Britain emerged stronger than ever before while the defeated nations rid themselves of the rulers, which by their over-bearing actions had contributed so much to the outbreak of this war.

The modern monarchs of Great Britain never expected to be looked upon either as demi-gods or great warriors. They represented the average British family with all its trials and tribulations, and while looked up to as an example, there was never any idea of veneration. Just plain and simple respect for the first family of the country. The short reign of Edward VIII, who abdicated to follow the dictate of his heart, only showed that the British people and the people of the Commonwealth respected their King as a man. They did not want to have even the slightest odium of scandal attached to their royal family. Thus, when his brother George VI, followed him, his exemplary family life soon drew the whole nation together. And in these days of easy divorce and riotous living of those who should be an example to the multitudes, the eyes of the world focused on this royal family and enjoyed what they saw.

When George VI died in February, 1952, in the prime of his life, the British people knew that he had left them an heiress who had been brought up to bear the responsibilities which were placed so suddenly on her young shoulders. At the time of her wedding the interest shown by the whole world

in this event was the best proof that the monarchial idea was firmly anchored throughout the vast stretches of the British Commonwealth, despite the austerity that followed the second world war on Great Britain the British people still enjoyed the ancient trappings of tradition.

When Elizabeth II is crowned in Westminster Abbey of June 2nd, she will be the first British Queen of the Atomic Age. Another Elizabeth was the first Queen of the seafaring age when Britain emerged from her tight little island and started to build an Empire. The days of world conquest are gone, but more important and enduring things are to be done in the future. The British Commonwealth of Nations today, is in the forefront of the peace-loving nations who are busy to establish a lasting structure for peace so that mankind can at last begin to enjoy the progress made in the last century. The reign of Queen Elizabeth II, which will be solemnized by the Coronation, has only just begun. May it last for many years, years of peace and progress for mankind so that when it finally comes to an end, her people can look back at it and call the second Elizabethan age, the age of PEACE.

GENTLEMAN A wolf with patience.

TINY BITS

by Rover

Red Saunders has been strutting around the joint as proud as a new papa over his newly acquired cauliflower ear. He treasures this prize closely for it's his badge for entering the sock 'em and drop 'em sport.

After hearing the noise and racket that emitted from the chapel and school for the past fifteen months we were suddenly astonished as we were able to distinguish a few bars from an old favourite "In the Mood." Must be an orchestra practising thar?

After ducking the antics of 'Two Gun' Reidle and the bullets of Robt. Ryan who starred in the western film shown here, this corner was completely exhausted. In the future we will have to be careful of Wiggles for we are of the opinion that he shot more badmen than Robert Ryan.

Spring or summer is officially here. This indication came after we saw Morgan the Bear walking about the yard. You see, he has been hibernating in his den all winter.

Everyone in the place must be in hock to the barbers and apparently won't pay off. This fact is evident from the haircuts some of us guys are sporting. Could be that the bowl cut is the rave today.

Harry Slavin finally noticed that his chest has dropped to his waist-

line. When he became aware of this fact, he immediately undertook certain exercises, so we were informed. We also learned that his main exercise is standing on his head with hopes that his waistline will drop back into place.

Another man who is making with the exercise is 'Box-Car' Perkins. He's talking, talking and talking of getting into shape. Shape for what, D? Denmark is the only country that has those laws.

Ex-champ, George Powers, hung up his gloves after Kid Pop M. dropped him for the count.

Now that boxing is official, the Dempsey's and Tunney's are concentrating on ping pong.

It has been bandied about that Joe Prop. has been seen sitting in front of an open manhole playing his clarinet. How about that! When first hearing this we were in a quandry as to why because the only living things that live in manholes are those four-footed, and black, slimy and eerie furry little animals. And the only solution that we could come up with, is that he is trying the trick that the Pied Piper of Hamelin did and in so doing will gain recognition for driving all animals from the joint.

See you next month.

The Knowologist

There's nothing that these guys don't know;
They'll argue pro and con.
But the mystery of the whole damn show
Who's side are they really on?

As they rant and rave they dig my grave,
I'm slowly going nuts:
No sense is made from their tirade
Which starts with ifs and buts.

The objective view they say they take
But that is so much pish,
The truth is that they don't know
The salad from the dish.

"I'm in a cage," they say with rage,
But that's a poor excuse;
As to who's the fool and who's the sage
Well, what the hell's the use.

Now, I'm no fool, I've been to school;
But that's not pro or con,
I want to know before I go
Who's side they're really on?

Omar K. Sherbuck



Stony Mountain GIANTS

MAY 10th. 1953

Stony Mountain Giants.	1 3 0 2 2 0 0 0 0	8 11 2
Fort Osborne Army.	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	0 0 2

Pilon, Giant hurler opened the 1953 season in grand style by chucking a no-hit no-run game at the Army. He wiffed 18 batters and only 3 men got as far as second base. The Giant hitters responded in style with blasts that rocked 4 Army hurlers for 11 hits, The Giant first baseman, second baseman, third baseman, short stop and catcher supplied most of the power.

May 31st. 1953

Stoney Mountain Giants.	0 0 1 0 1 1 0 1 0	4 8 3
A.N.A.F. No. 4.	0 0 0 0 0 3 0 0 0	3 3 1

If the first game of this newly formed schedule with the Legion League is any indication of the kind of ball to be witnessed here this coming season, it should be a good year for the players and spectators alike. The Giants took the lead with runs in the third and fifth, only to have Reuther of the visitors steal the show by driving in two runs to tie up the game. The Giant catcher, Ceretti, powdered a terrific home run in the bottom of the sixth to tie the game up. Benning, the Giant right fielder, poled a double in the eighth, advanced to third and came home on Bolonchuk's fly to the outfield...., Best for the losers were; Reuther and Armstrong..... For the Giants, Bird, third baseman with three or four, Ceretti and Pilon, who struck out thirteen batters.

BatteriesPilon and Ceretti.

" "Stubbs, Hoskins, (5th.) and McDougall.

It was learned following this game that the Ukrainian Legion No. 141, 1952 Western Canada Softball Champions, were once again coming into the league and would be scheduled against the Giants during the season.

Diamond Chatter

Rain, rain and more rain... That about sums up the ball news since the leagues opened. Two leagues are supposed to be in operation. The "A" league compose of four teams are namely, Bucs, Cards, Leafs and Dodgers. The "B" league has four teams also with the same names as the "A" league but are of a lower classification. Since the league openers, one complete week of ball has been put in, Games between sporadic rains have accounted for the balance of games played to date.

The class of ball being played certainly does not come up to last years' standard. A number of good players have left the institution since last year and this leaves the league short of quality and quantity. All this coupled with the Amnesty grant which also released a number of players, leaves the league in a sorry plight. After a few games played already in the "A" league, the Bucs look like the team to beat. The Cards were coming fast after a slow start and with a few reinforcements the race in this league could be wide open. Coaches for the "A" league are: Provost for the Leafs, Smoky Evans handling the Dodgers, Bernhardt running the Bucs and Willie Benning at the helm of the Cards. Not enough games have actually been played to list averages or standings, however next issue will see a complete coverage of these items.

The "B" League have naturally suffered the same fate as the "A" League. Wet weather, quantity and quality of players have also hindered the coaches. As things stand now, the B Bucs look like the class of the league. But with a few more games under their belts the rest of the league should provide some opposition. None of the teams are actually settled as far as player strength is concerned and the Amnesty has hit the B League. We won't attempt to list player rosters as yet or averages and standings, This will be more settled in the next issue and will be completely covered. About all that can be listed at present are the coaches of the various teams. Bill Ignat is at the helm of the Cards, Pete Procille is coaching the Leafs, Ibey running the Bucs from the bench and Appel running the Dodgers. As in the "A" League, hurling has been a problem and is slowly settling down but until reinforcements arrive, the class of ball will not be as high as last year. This about adds 30 for this month.

Penal Echo-ettes

by S. C. Smith

K.P. TELE-SCOPE "You May Be Next, Mr. Citizen," by John Brown, an eye-catching article containing facts right through. As usual your magazine lived up to expectations all along the line. Noticed that old Shrimp is the leading "Kicker" in the football league. Not bad for old Pappy.

LANEDALE NEWSY NEWS Received your Mar-April issue. Thanks, gals. Your publication is interesting and the contents are a tribute to your ambition and patience. We appreciate just how much work there is entailed in forty-six pages on the mimeograph. Carry on Gals.

ISLAND LANTERN Your May issue caught our eye. The illustrations and cartoons are greatly improved.

FOUND IN THE MAILBAG The Reformatory Pillar....The Mentor....Menard Time.... Pioneer News. Thanks gang. Keep 'em coming. We'll send ours.

THE BULLETIN Your two articles, "Alcatraz Is" and "Alcatraz Ain't", didn't prove a thing to me except that there are no good ones. Some are just worse than others. Squabbling over the merits of any one institution serves no purpose. Each one is bad or not so bad depending on the inmate concerned. It is an individual problem for the inmate of each institution wherever they be. Keep your magazine coming, we like it.

RAIFORD RECORD Just received your March-April issue....Without a doubt the very best cover our old eyes have seen for many a day. A fitting cover for a magazine whose contents are also topnotch... A truly great effort.

TRANSITION Another Penal publication with consistently good covers. Jack Magrath's "Interview-Definitely Indefinite", was the one that caught our eye. We have four in here who can vouch for every word,...Jack Stevens is trying to copy Kenny Burns' pose in the boxing picture. He'd better make a job of it if he wants to keep on umpiring.

